Flagellation of the Whigs.

A POEM.

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Flagellation of the Whigs.

A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF

THE FIRST SATYR OF JUVENAL.

BY JOHN DRYDEN, JUN. ESQ.

———horribili ſectêre flagello. HOR.

Non eſt jam Lenitati Locus: Severitatem Res ipſa flagitat.
CICERO.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON's GHOST.

HAIL Mighty Ghoſt!——Another Bard Divine
This humble Tribute offers at thy Shrine.
O, when I ſtrike the Juvenalian Lyre,
Give me ſome Portion of thy Force and Fire,
And lend that ſacred Club which once was thine;
Happy, thrice happy, could I call it mine!
Not that tough Bough, ere while bemoan'd as loſt,
What Time, (thy Soul diſturb'd, perplex'd, and croſs'd)
The *Shelty* did thy ponderous Limbs ſuſtain,
Whilſt *Bozzy* gap'd and trembled in thy Train.

Vain

Vain were the Hope to fetch it from the North,
Too well the rich Poſſeſſor knows it's Worth.
I aſk That Oak which, ſtronger than the Law,
Could keep a proud, inſulting 1 Scot in Awe,
And arm'd thy Hand with more than Mortal Rage,
To maul a Saucy 2 Mimic on his Stage,
Who, mocking Men of high and low Degree,
His Anticks play'd with all the World but Thee.

Thus arm'd——and crown'd with one of thy dread Wigs,
Soon would I put to flight whole Hoſts of Whigs.
I'd *down* ſome Rebel Rogue at every Blow,
And hurl him headlong to the Shades below,
Where, thou Great Doctor, ſtill irrefragable,
In ſpite of all th' opponent Ghoſtly Rabble,
Of Peace and Order doſt maintain the Law,
Whilſt Realms *Plutonian* ſtand in paſſive Awe.

1 Macpherſon. 2 Foote.

Brutus

Brutus and *Caſſius* both ſuccumb to Thee,
And *Cato* bends his Anti-Cæſar Knee;
Brow-beaten *Cromwell* not a Word replies,
And *Ireton* only lifts his Hands and Eyes.
Helas! *mon Contract Social*, cries *Rouſſeau*,
Patience, *par force*, cries baffled *Mirabeau*.

Hail Shade rever'd! Old England's Pride and Glory,
Herculean Bard! Great Whig-confounding Tory!
Teach me like Thee to ſcourge a Wanton Town,
And keep a curs'd revolting Spirit down,
That never more this Dæmon of the Night
May riſe to ſtrike the Nation with Affright.

Hail honour'd Name! Say, wilt Thou, now thrice call'd,
Inſpire my Soul with Courage unappall'd,
Of Grim State-Tinkers to prevent the Blow,
And turn the Cudgell on the factious Foe?

I feel

I feel, I feel the happy maddening Hour,
Rhymes, thick as Hail, upon my Fancy ſhower:
Sure, all the Nine my ardent Song inſpire,
And charge my Cranium with electric Fire.

Now, Now, Ye Whigs who pant for change, and Plunder,
Expect a Clap of *Juvenalian* Thunder.
Let peeping *Tom*, preſume from nightly Cell
To poke his Noſe, I'll ſtrike him down to Hell.
Not *Prieſtly*'s Self, with boaſted magic Wand,
And *Leyden Phial*, ſhall my Shock withſtand.
Tremble ye Traitors, and ye Gallic Spies;
Let *Argus* ſtare with all his hundred Eyes,
His puny Proſemen lurk in Holes for Fear,
And Couplet-Verſemen ſcamper ſwift as Deer,
Whilſt I, in bold and Loyal Accents, ſing
A CURSE ON REBELS, AND GOD SAVE THE KING!

How

Flagellation of the Whigs.

A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF

THE FIRST SATYR OF JUVENAL.

1 HOW long theſe chattering Coxcombs muſt I bear?
And Rebel Rhyme diſturb my loyal Ear?
How long unwhipt ſhall Rogues and Traitors paſs,
And KINGS be kick'd by every Fool and Aſs?
2 Muſt I, for ever tongue-tied, gagg'd, and bound,
Be doom'd to hear the Croker's hated Sound?

1 *Semper Ego Auditor tantum?* 2 *Nunquamne reponam,*
Vexatus toties rauci Theſeïde Codri?

Shall *Maſon* quit his *Garden*, and his Stall,
To tune his ruſty Lyre at * Faction's Call,
With vaunted Song to conjure *William*'s Ghoſt
From Stygian Swamps, and *Pluto*'s murky Coaſt?
Shall *Hayley* rack his § *wildly-tortuous* Brains,
To mutter Spells, and Necromantic Strains,
And ſet the direful Invocation-Stave,
To raiſe a *Dutchman*, better in his Grave?
ı Shall *Merry*, Laureat of the Grumbling Throng,
To drunken Whigs ſupply Seditious Song;
Foam out the Venom of his Gallic Rage,
And rant Rebellion on the public Stage?
Whilſt amorous *Laura*, in cajoling Strain,
Woos to her Arms the dear congenial Swain.
Shall That conceited Tabernacle-Bard,
Who won good Lady's Heart, and ſoft Reward,
With *Taſk*, and *Faith*, and *Charity*, and *Hope*,
Blank Homer's Strains, and grieve the Ghoſt of *Pope*?

* *Vide* his Revolution Ode.
§ His own Epithet.—*Vide* his Revolution Ode.

ı *Impune ergo mihi recitaverat ille togatas,*
Hic Elegos?

Whilſt

Whilſt Gods and Heroes *ſpout*, like vulgar Prigs,
In buckram Phraſe of Crown-and-Anchor Whigs.
Muſt I 1 all Day my precious Moments loſe
In Mungrel Reading, neither Verſe nor Proſe?
Shall *Deviliſh Peter* vend his Grubſtreet Ode,
Revile the King, and mock all Fear of God?
Score up his Traſh to Number twenty-one?
Confound the Fellow! Will he 2 ne'er have done?

Of twenty Puppies more my Soul complains,
A thouſand times diſguſted with their Strains.
Shall Bards like Theſe engroſs the Britiſh Lay?
No, by *Saint George!* I'll bawl as loud as They.
I'll ruſh amidſt the Chorus, Book in Hand,
And ſing Confuſion to the Rebel Band.

Yes; write I will—Thank Heav'n, the Preſs is free,
And claſſic Lore is Common-right to Me,

——*Impunè* 1 *Diem conſumpſerit ingens*
Telephus? Aut ſummi plena jam margine Libri,
Scriptus, et in Tergo, 2 *necdum finitus, Oreſtes?*

As well as other Verſe-Men of the Day,
To furniſh Themes adapted to my Lay.

1 No fondling Huſband better knows his Home,
And loving Spouſe, than I do *Pagan Rome*.
Aſk how young 2 *Jaſon* nimm'd the Golden Fleece,
Aſk every monſtrous Tale of lying Greece,
I'll tell you All.——I know the King who binds,
In cloſe Baſtile, the Democratic Winds,
Which now let looſe on *Bourbon*'s boiſterous Shore,
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, in *dire Aſſembly* 3 roar:
Great Joy to Britiſh Whigs—but ſoon they'll know
What ſtern 4 Chief-Juſtice in the Shades below,
Arreſts the Rogues who 'ſcape the Gallows here,
But can't elude the Rack and Torture there.

1 *Notâ magis nulli Domus eſt ſua, quam mihi Lucus*
Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus Antrum
Vulcani. Quid 3 *agant Venti, quas torqueat Umbras*
4 *Æacus: Unde* 2 *alius furtivæ devehat Aurum*
Pelliculæ;——————

How

How *Centaur-Whigs*, tho' baited at free Coſt,
(Such is their Wont) abus'd their generous Hoſt,
His Houſe pull'd down, his 1 Timber-Trees up-tore,
'Midſt Tumult, Slaughter, Blood, and wild Uproar,
Indignant did I read, (I ſpeak the Truth)
I hated Ingrates from my earlieſt Youth.
But where bold *Theſeus* quell'd the monſtrous Crew,
And every Son of Hell-born Faction ſlew,
Inſpir'd I render'd, with inſtinctive Joy,
Whilſt *Buſby* cry'd, Well done! my loyal Boy,
This augurs well indeed! — I ſee, I ſee,
Another *Dryden* ſhall ariſe in Thee.
But chief of all ſweet *Naſo*'s tuneful Strain,
I lov'd to conn where *Gog-Magogs* were ſlain,
A curſed Crew, who ſcaled the bleſt Abodes,
And ſhook their *Whiggiſh* Charter at the Gods.

—— *Quantas jaculatur Monychus 1 ornos:*

But

But ſoon *Jove*'s Thunder on the Rebels fell
And ſwept them headlong to their native Hell.
Of ſcolding *Juno*, and of bluſtering *Jove*,
Of *Mars*, alike renown'd for War and Love,
Of winged *Mercury*, Pimp, and Errand Boy,
Of beauteous *Venus*, Queen of Love and Joy,
Ill-pair'd with *Vulcan*, old and ugly Spouſe,
And how the wanton Fair adorn'd his Brows,
Who has not read, muſt be a Dunce profane,
And knows no more of *Lily* than *Tom Paine*;
Some Blockhead from * *Geneva* or *Lauſanne*,
With nothing in his Skull but *Rights of Man*.
1 The meaneſt Bard that ever tun'd a Lay,
Whoſe Muſe Mechanic labours by the Day,
With ſuch trite Stories can amuſe the Town,
2 As well as He who wears the Laurel Crown.

* Swiſs Seminaries, where young Whigs *too bright* for Oxon, or Cantab. are ſent to ſtudy Principles of Government.

1 *Frontonis Platani, convulſaque Marmora clamant*
Semper, et aſſiduo ruptæ Lectore Columnæ.
2 *Expectes eadem a ſummo, minimoque Poetâ.*

1 Releas'd

1 Releas'd from *Buſby*, Lectures, Taſks and Themes,
2 From Declamations, and ſcholaſtic Dreams,
I ſnatch a Sheet, if yet a Sheet remain,
And give Indulgence to my loyal Vein.
3 Why ſhould I ſtay till all the Paper's gone?
Was Paper made for Whiggiſh Bards alone?

But hold—the Critics pluck me by the Ear,
And thus arreſt me in my proud Career.
4 " Forbear, raſh Colt, this arduous, bold Emprize,
" This Race ſuperior to thy Strength and Size,
" Where brawny *Johnſon* walks the Courſe * alone,
" Unrivall'd Steed for Mettle and for Bone.
" What Folly urg'd Thee here, to break thy Wind?
" And loſe thy Honour, diſtanc'd far behind?

* *Vide* Reviews upon Brother Murphy's Imitation of Satyr XIII.

1 *Et nos ergo manum ferulæ ſubduximus*, 2 *et nos*
Conſilium dedimus Sullæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret. 3 *Stulta eſt Clementia cum tot ubique*
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere Chartæ.
4 " *Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere Campo,*
" *Per quem magnus Equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus?*

1 Now, gentle Sirs, your Patience let me crave,
And, candid, hear your poor poetic Slave:
So may your Labours ready Chapmen find,
And not one monthly Pamphlet lag behind.

Know then, good Sirs, 2 a *Patriot-Call* I plead,
To aid my Country in this Time of Need.
Such Calls there are, full well your Worſhips know,
Some from *above*, and others from *below*.
But Me, the Daughters of high *Jove* command,
To cry, The Whig,—The Whig is in the Land.

Pardon, ye Fair, I own 'tis rudely wrong
To rank you foremoſt in Satyric Song;
Were I to chuſe, my Charmers ſhould go free:
Not ſo ſtern *Juvenal*; for thus ſings He.

3 When wary Prudes, who filthy Fellows hate,
With ſoft *Tenduccis* join in *Tete a Tete*;

1 *Si vacat, et placidi Rationem admittitis, edam.*
3 *Cum tener Uxorem ducat ſpado*——
2 Difficile eſt *Satyram* non *ſcribere*——

When

When faithleſs Wives the Marriage Bed profane,
Whether for filthy Luſt, or filthy Gain;
When ſporting Belles o'er Gates and Hedges fly,
Expoſe the ſprawling Leg, and naked Thigh;
When Troops of *Britiſh* (now unbluſhing) *Fair*,
The Bow-ſtring twang, and ſtrut with martial Air;
When titled *Whiggiſh* Dames diſplay their Charms,
In ribald Mobs, and Faction's rough Alarms,
And buſs for Votes amidſt the Vulgar Scene
Of greaſy Butchers, Fiſh-mongers obſcene:

When *Strap*, once Shaver of our Borough Town,
Now rich with Contracts and Commiſſions grown,
In purſe-proud Competition dares to ſtand
With e'er a Duke or Marquis in the Land:

——— ——— *Mævia Tuſcum*
Figat Aprum, et nudâ tenet Venabula Mammâ:
Patricios omnes Opibus cum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis Juveni mihi barba ſonabat:

When 1 *Dainty Davy*, born the Lord knows where,
Aſſumes the *Petit-Maitre*'s fribbling Air,
His ſparkling Rings on milk-white Hand diſplays,
Whilſt Belles admire, and envious Foplings gaze,
At Routs applies the Hartſhorn and the Fan,
When Steams annoy the much-enduring Man,
Or quite tranſported hears the darling Lay,
Ah ! *Ca Ira*, and faints, and dies away:

When 2 *Ignoramus*, fat with double Fees,
In rich Sedan or Chariot lolls at Eaſe,
And cloſe behind, congenial, follows one,
The *Jack* of every Party, true to none,
No 3 foſtering Friend or Patron, his Regard,
He ſells his Soul and Body for Reward;

1 *Cum Pars Niliacæ Plebis, cum Verna Canopi*
Criſpinus, Tyrias humero revocante Lacernas
Ventilet æſtivum Digitis ſudantibus Aurum,
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ:
2 *Cauſidici nova cum veniat Lectica Mathonis*
Plena ipſo, poſt hunc magni 3 *Delator Amici,*

Pay

Pay but his Pains, and arm him with the Power,
He'd ſend your Lords by Dozens to the Tower,
Nor Commons, Whig or Tory, would he ſpare,
From Corniſh Borough to the Speaker's Chair;
Not all thy Doublings, Fox, could ſave thy Life,
Nor, Brinſley, thine, thy charming Syren Wife:
1 When luſty Loons large Legacies foreſtall,
And Heirs expectant juſtle from the Wall,
In Mirth and Riot rival Gods above
By bliſsful Proceſs of Old Ladies' Love,
Impartial Love, where Manhood's Rights prevail,
And Claims are prov'd by *Mathematic Scale*,
2 To *Sawney*'s Meaſure one Bequeſt is given,
Enormous *Paddy* carries off eleven:

Et citò rapturus de Nobilitate comeſtâ
Quod ſupereſt, quem Maſſa timet, quem Munere palpat
Carus, et a trepido Thymele ſummiſſa Latino:
1 Cum te ſummoveant qui teſtamenta merentur
Noctibus, in Cœlum quos evehit optima ſummi
Nunc Via Proceſſûs, Vetulæ Veſica beatæ:
2 Unciolam Proculeius habet, ſed Gillo Deuncem:
Partes quiſque ſuas, ad menſuram Inguinis Hæres,

 1 Plague

1 Plague on ſuch Earnings—may the Knaves be curs'd
With lean Conſumptions, and the very worſt
Of Love's Diſeaſes——may they look as pale
As frighted *Keppel* hoiſting all his Sail,
From dread *Lee-ſhore* to run with utmoſt Speed,
When *Whigs* huzza'd him for the gallant Deed:
Or *Bobadillo* ſtruck with panic Fear,
When *Serpent-Yankees* clos'd his Front and Rear,
And hiſs'd Defiance at the Weſtern Lake,
Led on by vengeful Colonel * Rattle-Snake 2;
Or as that 3 Orator of doubtful Fame,
Whom ſome a Whig, and ſome a Tory name,
Who dropp'd the Brief of *Begums'* mighty Wrong,
Whilſt Horror chill'd his Heart, and chain'd his Tongue;
Untold were Half th'unutterable Woes,
Till Fox apply'd the Orange to his Noſe:

* It is a well known Fact, that every Man who has killed a Rattle-Snake is a Colonel, by Courtſey of America.

1 *Accipiat ſane Mercedem Sanguinis, et ſic*
Palleat, ut nudis qui preſſit Calcibus 2 *Anguem,*
Aut Lugdunenſem 3 *Rhetor dicturus ad Aram.*

If

If ſuch Things are; if ſuch Abuſes reign,
Shall not the Bard, in high indignant Strain,
Pour forth his keeneſt Satyr on the Times,
And laſh Offenders with his boldeſt Rhymes?
1 For who ſo paſſive, or ſo callous grown,
To view unmov'd a vile abandon'd Town?
2 O, how my Blood and Choler inward boil,
When proud Oppreſſors, rich with Orphans' Spoil,
With lac'd and powder'd Lackeys coach the Street
As if they'd ride o'er every Soul they meet,
Whilſt injured Innocents are left forlorn,
Expoſed to Vice, to Infamy, and Scorn;
Or when ſome * public 3 Robber and Defaulter,
Impeach'd in vain, eſcapes the Fine and Halter,

* The Author diſavows any Alluſion to Mr. Haſtings, being one of thoſe who think him very ill rewarded for his important Services to this Country.

Difficile eſt *Satyram* non *ſcribere*, 1 *nam quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe?
2 *Quid referam, quantâ ſiccum jecur ardeat Irâ*
Cum Populum Gregibus Comitum premat hic Spoliator
Pupilli proſtantis? Et 3 *hic damnatus inani*
Judicio?

1 For

1 For what recks He the People's Scorn and Curſe,
So He can ſave his Neck, and ſave his Purſe?
2 What tho' an Exile from the Royal Dome,
He lives *en Prince*, and keeps his Court at Home,
His Levees holds, enjoys the feſtive Board,
And every Night is happy as a Lord.
In vain poor plaintiff India gains her Cauſe,
If *Marius*, mocking Judgment and the Laws,
Refuſe a ſingle Pagod to reſtore
Of all the Millions plunder'd on her Shore;
Or when ſome * *Whiggiſh Chief* of gambling Fame,
Who long play'd booty in his Country's Game,
Rebellion foſter'd, Loyalty kept down,
Surrender'd every Province, every Town,
The Soldier's Spirit damp'd, no Battle won,
And hapleſs *Britain* only not undone,
Secure from Trial, Bullet, and the Cord,
Still rears his Head, and looks to be a Lord;

* Qui capit, ille facit.

—— 1 *(Quid enim Jalvis Infamia Nummis?)*
2 *Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit:——*
at tu victrix Provincia ploras.

1 Such

1 Such Wrongs to ſcourge, what Poet would refuſe
His farthing Candle, and his midnight Muſe?
The callous Age demands no feeble Lyre,
Do Thou, BOLD JOHNSON, all my Soul inſpire.

2 Is this a Time to ſing old Tragic Songs
Of Toils *Herculean*, *Diomedean* Wrongs,
The roaring Bull, the wonderous *Cretan* Cave,
The flying Artiſt, and *Icarian* Wave?

Is this a Time for panegyric Strains
Of virtuous Wedlock, and of true-love Chains?
When *Leno* (willing 3 Cuckold) ſnores ſupine,
As drown'd in Sleep, and drench'd with roſy Wine,
And winks at *Clodius* who ſupplies his Place,
In Rites of Hymen, and his Wife's Embrace,

1 *Hæc Ego non credam Venuſinâ digna Lucernâ?*
Hæc Ego non agitem? 2 Sed quid magis Heracleas
Aut Diomedeas, aut Mugitum Labyrinthi
Et Mare percuſſum Puero, Fabrumque volantem?
——————3 *doctus ſpectare Lacunar,*
Doctus et ad Calicem vigilanti ſtertere Naſo.

Nor

Nor cares how oft She quench the Letcher's Flame,
So He partake the Wages of her Shame,
1 But acts at once her Pander and Truſtee
When Laws * debar a Strumpet Legatee:
When *Whiggiſh* Spendthrifts ruin'd and undone,
Their whole Eſtate and Patrimony gone,
By Racers, Hunters, Curricles devour'd,
Or in a Strumpet's Lap by Thouſands pour'd,
2 Aſpire to Rank and Office——and what's worſe,
To have a Finger in the Nation's Purſe;
Ev'n now anticipate the glorious Day
When They ſhall revel, and the Land ſhall pay,
Ev'n now they ſtruggle for the higheſt Seat,
Like *Satan*, all ambitious to be Great;
Not one of all the Youth-corrupting Clan
But pants to be the happy favourite Man:

* Our teſtamentary Laws, I apprehend, make no Exceptions to Ladies of Gallantry.

1 *Cum Leno accipiat Mœchi bona, ſi capiendi*
Jus nullum Uxori——————
Cum fas eſſe putet 2 *Curam ſpectare Cohortis,*
Qui bona donavit Præcepibus, et caret omni
Majorum Cenſu, dum pervolat axe citato
Flaminiam:——————

1 *This*

1 *This* drove his H—— to the Pythian Games,
2 *That* lent a *Venus* to his earlieſt Flames,
One, Cards, and Dice, and Pharo Banks ſupplied,
Another, bleſs'd him with a *Popiſh Bride.*

3 See, gay *Sophonius*, mounted high in Air,
Drives, Jehu-like, his prancing triple Pair;
A Rogue in Grain! the lengthening Strand exclaims,
And Charing-Croſs the Villainy proclaims.
A Whig-Attorney ſtood with ready Quill,
And lo! a breathleſs Carcaſe ſign'd a Will.
No more, Ye *Clives*, to diſtant India roam,
A ſhorter Way to Wealth is found at Home:
A Skin of Parchment witneſs'd in due Form,
And wet *Cornelian*, Wonders can perform;
No Chance ſo rapid Fortune's Wheel affords,
To hoiſt a Beggar to the State of Lords.

——— 1 *Automedon nam lora tenebat,*
2 *Ipſe lacernatæ dum ſe jactaret Amicæ.*
3 *Nonne libet medio Ceras implere capaces*
Quadrivio: Cum jam ſextâ Cervice feratur
Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ pene Cathedrâ,
Et multum referens de Mecænate ſupino,
Signator falſo, qui ſe lautum atque beatum
Exiguis Tabulis, et gemmâ fecerat udâ.

1 In every Street a dangerous Circe ſmiles,
Some raw Gallant t' inveigle with her Wiles,
Well ſkill'd in every Art to ſnare the Soul,
And mix Deluſion in the Magic Bowl.
2 But ONE more potent than the reſt detains
A R——l Youth in baſe and ſervile Chains,
And, dire to tell! how oft her Swain ſhe kills
By Love's hot Flame, by Quacks, and poiſonous Pills.
All this performs She in the face of Day,
Nor aught regards what People think or ſay.

WOULD YOU BE GREAT? Some bold Adventure try,
The Stocks, the Gallows, and the Chains defy.

1 *Occurrit Matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum*
Porrectura Viro, miſcet ſitiente Rubetam,
Inſtituitque rudes 2 *melior Locuſta propinquas*
Per famam, et Populum nigros efferre Maritos.
3 *Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, aut Carcere dignum*
Si vis eſſe Aliquis:——

In

In theſe ſad Times, the 1 Loyal and the Good
Receive faint Praiſe, and ſtarve for Want of Food.
Poor ſniveling Vices paltry Profits give,
And little Raſcals can but barely live.
Go head a Faction——half a Land inflame,
Bully the Premier——play a deſperate Game——
With Trumpet Argus rouſe the torpid Nation,
To Revolution, and to Reformation——
All Rank and Order glorioufly confound,
And Kings and Nobles level with the Ground—
—Let Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation rage,
And riſe the Cromwell of the preſent Age;
Seize on the Tower, the Sceptre, and the Crown,
And Royal Park and Palace be your own.
All meaner Enſigns let your Side-Board ſcorn,
Uſurp the Lion and the 2 Unicorn.

——————1 *Probitas laudatur et alget.*
Criminibus debent Hortos, Prætoria, Menſas.
Argentum vetus, et 2 ſtantem extra Pocula Caprum.

1 Amidſt

1 Amidſt Reports of dire inceſtuous Flame,
Of Pathic Youths, and Deeds too vile to name,
What Soul can reſt?——my Zeal is all on Fire,
And 2 Indignation furniſhes a Lyre.
Tho' wayward Genius thwart the bold Attempt,
And every Critic hold me in Contempt,
No Power on Earth my ardent Song ſhall hinder;
3 I'll do the beſt I can, like *Peter Pindar*.

Whoever nobly dares to laſh Mankind,
In every Age will plenteous Subject find.
4—Down from the Flood—from earlieſt Times of old,
When Pyrrha and Deucalion (as we're told)
The Loſs of Man with pious Care reſtor'd,
And every naked Lady found a Lord,

1 *Quem patitur dormire Nurus Corruptor avaræ,*
Quem Sponſæ turpes, et prætextatus Adulter?
Si Natura negat, 2 *facit Indignatio verſum,*
3 *Qualemcunque poteſt: quales ego vel Cluvienus.*
4 *Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus Æquor*
Navigio Montem aſcendit, Sorteſque popoſcit:
Paulatimque Animâ caluerunt mollia Saxa,
Et Maribus nudas oſtendit Pyrrha Puellas:

Search Story's Annals—mark what they contain,
See Vice and Folly colour every Reign.——
1 His Hopes, his Fears, his Sorrows, and his Joys,
His Pains, his Toils, his Hobbies, and his Toys,
His airy Schemes, with nice Diſcernment ſcan,
And own the Whole a Satyr upon Man.

2 But never Satyr, I'll be bold to ſay,
Found fairer Game than at the preſent Day.
Whene'er did Folly ope a wider Field?
Whene'er did Vice more plenteous Harveſts yield?
3 Did ever Thirſt of Gain our Thirſt excel?
Did ever griping Uſury thrive ſo well?
4 Did ever Gambling with ſuch Fury rage,
In any Country, or in any Age?

1 *Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,*
Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri farrago Libelli.
2 *Et quando uberior Vitiorum Copia? Quando*
3 *Major Avaritiæ patuit Sinus? 4 Alea quando*
Hos Animos?——

Fair

Fair married Dames, and blooming Virgins gay
Conſume their Charms at Routs and Midnight Play.
Hence haggard Looks, hence Loſs of Health and Fame,
Hence Jewels pawn'd, and what I will not name;
For Debts of Honor Ladies too muſt pay,
If not in Caſh, at leaſt ſome other Way.
Princes and Peers to gaming Haunts reſort,
And round a Pharo-table hold their Court,
Elbow'd by Swindlers, Sharpers, Hangers on;
Hence R——l F———c mourns his Million gone;
Hence O-—b-—g, in one unlucky Hour,
Waſtes every Dollar of the P———--n Dower,
And many a Green-horn noble Lord and Knight
Of Lands and Manors bubbled in a Night.
1 Ere while the Purſe was only ſtak'd——but now
2 They riſque their All upon a ſingle Throw.
Hence Tradeſmen call in vain for promis'd Pay,
Hence half-ſtarv'd Maidens vow they will not ſtay.

——— *Neque enim* 1 *Loculis comitantibus itur*
Ad Caſum Tabulæ, poſitâ, ſed luditur 2 *Arcâ.*

1 Hence

1 Hence Lackey-Squires in loud inſulting Strain,
2 Of Liveries bare, and Victuals ſcant complain,
And laſt of all, to crown the ſad Diſgrace,
Their Warning give, and damn the pimping Place.
Then Wife and Children reft of Houſe and Home,
Then keen Remorſe, then Madneſs, Rage, and Foam,
And all dire Ills which deſperate Deeds await,
The Piſtol, Dagger, and untimely Fate.

But now from gambling Scenes let's turn our Eyes
To where proud Domes, and ſumptuous Villas riſe:
Not ſo our Anceſtors their Thouſands ſpent,
With one old moated Manſion well content;
But in that One were plenteous Tables ſpread,
And numerous Gueſts were hoſpitably fed.

1 *Prælia quanta illic Diſpenſatore videbis*
Armigero! Simplexne furor Seſtertia centum
Perdere. & 2 horrenti Tunicam non reddere Servo?
3 *Quis totidem erexit Villas?*——

Which

Which of our Grandſires ever din'd alone,
1 On ſeven whole Courſes ? Can you name me one ?
The Times how chang'd ! Roaſt Beef is now no more,
Nor open Kitchens, as in Days of yore.
The famiſh'd Beggar craves for Food in vain,
By ſaucy Slaves rejected with Diſdain.
2 But once a Year *his Honor* opes the Door,
T' extend his Bounty to expectant Poor——
——The Chriſtmas Dole——the Shilling, or Half-Crown——
——The Peck of Coals——the Ruſſet Coat or Gown.
The cautious Steward eyes the ſhabby Train,
And not a ſingle Teſter gives in vain.
No Aliens ſhare the Favours of the Day,
But all are mark'd, and empty ſent away.

——Quis 1 fercula ſeptem
Secretò cœnavit Avus. 2 Nunc Sportula primo
Limine parva ſedet, Turbæ rapienda togatæ.
Ille tamen faciem prius inſpicit, et trepidat, ne
Suppoſitus venias, et falſo Nomine poſcas.
Agnitus accipies.——

No

No longer at the generous Maſter's Call,
The Gueſts carouſe all joyous in the Hall.
A Taſte of Veniſon once or twice a Year,
Is paid in Lieu of good old Engliſh Cheer.
1 His Lordſhip bids the Keeper name the Day;
'Squires, Knights, and Doctors mount and hie away,
2 All true-born Whigs, a rude, ill-manner'd Crew,
They ſnatch the Boon, and claim it as their Due.
3—A Haunch for me the roſy Parſon cries,—
—A Haunch for me the ſurly 'Squire replies,——
A well-fed Buck the County Sheriff claims;
A well-fed Buck the Borough-Mayor exclaims.
4 But hold—the fatteſt of the Herd for Me;
Here, Here am I——Friend *Moſes* Mortgagee.

——1 *Jubet a Præcone vocari*
2 *Ipſos Trojugenas, nam vexant Limen & ipſi*
Nobiſcum—3 *Da Prætori—Da deinde Tribuno—*
4 *Sed Libertinus prior eſt,—Prior inquit, Ego adſum.*

Thou worthleſs Knave, the Rival Mumpers cry,
Stand back—give Way—nor with thy Betters vie.
Haſt thou the Front, thou circumciſed Rogue,
To mix with Us?——Hence to the Synagogue.

MOSES.

Hold, Hold your Tongues, Ye vain conceited Fools,
And hear the Language of your own Whig-Schools,
" A Man's a man——and every Man's a Brother "—
—" All equal born— none better than another.
1 Then who's afraid? My Ground I'll boldly ſtand,
2 Tho' Alien-born, and from a foreign Land.
3 My Circumciſion—Mark I not deny,
Leſt curious Whig-Inquiſitors ſhould pry,
And *Notes Compare*——I am a Jew, I own,
But here's an Argument! to knock you down.

1 *Cur timeam? Dubitemne Locum defendere?* 2 *quamvis*
Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in Aure feneſtræ
3 *Arguerint, licet ipſe negem;*——

1 How

1 How much *I'm worth* let Banks and Funds declare,
And Brokers count what Dividends I ſhare.
My *ten per Cents* in Order fair I range,
And Envy no 2 Lord Mayor upon the Change.
Conſumptive Lords conſign'd to foreign Air
Commit their Plate and Jewels *to my Care*;
And *One* I know (but I muſt tell no Tales)
Who lives diſguiſed, 3 a Goat-herd, down in Wales:
Full many a patriot Member caps to Me,
And owes his Seat to Moſes *Mortgagee*.
Then by your Leave—let me approach the Gate,
My Turn is firſt—4 Let Mayors and Sheriffs wait,
And ſee a quondam 5 bare-foot wandering Jew
Take Place of all—(the Sight is nothing new)

——————1 *Sed quinque Tabernæ*
Quadringenta parant. Quid confert 2 *Purpura major*
Optandum? Si Laurenti cuſtodit in Agro
3 *Conductas Corvinus Oves?—Ego poſſideo plus*
Pallante, & Licinis. 4 *Expectent ergo Tribuni,*
——————*ſacro nec cedat Honori,*
Nuper in hanc Urbem, 5 *Pedibus qui venerat albis.*

1 The richeſt Client ſtill ſhall win the Cauſe,
And Iſrael's Purſe to all the World give Laws.
2 Even Whigs, who own no earthly *Cæſar*'s Sway,
Will *Cæſar*'s *Coin* moſt willingly obey.
3 What tho' no Tabernacle-Hymn you raiſe
To *golden* Calf, as Jews in Aaron's Days,
(For you forſooth are all enlighten'd People,
And 'ſpy a *Pope* in every Tower and Steeple,
By *Prieſtly* taught, no Altars to repair,
But ſpring a Mine, and blow them up in Air;
4 From humble Vicarage up to proud Saint *Paul*,
5 And Him whoſe lofty Dome tranſcends them all)
But Money *call*, the Root of every Evil,
Unrighteous Mammon, and the very[6] Devil,

1 *Vincant Divitiæ:*——————
2 *Quandoquidem inter nos ſanctiſſima Divitiarum*
Majeſtas; 3 *etſi* 6 *funeſta Pecunia Templo*
Nondum habitas, nullas Nummorum ereximus Aras,
4 *Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,*
5 *Quæque ſalutato crepitat Concordia Nido.*

Yet

Yet Money in your Hearts, you all adore,
As much as any Jews on Earth, or more.

Sarcaſtic *Moſes* thus—but no Reply.
——Now, (ſtill to keep the Canvaſs in our Eye)
1 If Whiggiſh *Gentry* never bluſh for Shame,
To barter Votes for Veniſon and for Game,
And meanly count how much is gotten clear
2 By Joints of Mutton ſav'd throughout the Year,
3 What Wonder, when by ſuch Example led,
A ſtarving Taylor ſells his Vote for Bread?
The Times are hard—His Wife entreats with Tears,
What ſhall he do, to ſave his Gooſe and Shears?
His ragged Boy cries, Daddy, ſee my Shoe,
All other Whigs take Money, why don't you?

Sed cum 1 *ſummus Honos finito computet Anno,*
Sportula quid referat, 2 *quantum Rationibus addat:*
3 *Quid facient Comites, quibus hinc toga, Calceus hinc eſt,*
Et Panis, Funuſque Domi?——

What

What Wonder, when the party-coloured Tribe
Huzza the Upſtart, and accept the Bribe?
1 Thick, and more thick, the Squadrons riſe to View,
Halt, maim'd, and blind, a ſhabby, venal Crew;
Whilſt Strumpets follow, impudent of Tongue,
And Wives big-bellied waddle in the Throng,
With languid Longings for the honour'd Kiſs,
The *ſilken* Favour, and the *golden* Bliſs.

2 And oft ſome arch electioneering Blade,
By Practice grown an Adept in the Trade,
Amidſt th' unguarded Hurry, Noiſe, and Strife,
3 Avers an empty Hackney holds his Wife.
4 G—d bleſs you, Maſters, be a little quick,
I cannot wait, my Dame is taken ſick.

——— 1 *Denſiſſima centum*
Quadrantes Lectica petit, ſequiturque Maritum
Languida, vel prægnans, & circumducitur Uxor.
2 *Hic petit abſenti, nota jam callidus Arte,*
3 *Oſtendens vacuam, et clauſam pro Conjuge Sellam.*
Galla mea eſt inquit, 4 *citius dimitte, moraris?*

1 " Let

1 " Let down the Blind, juſt let us have a Peep ;"
2 Not for the World—Poor Soul ! She's faſt aſleep :–
Give me—I'll take—You know 'tis all the ſame.
" No, no ; 'tis proper we ſhould *ſee* your Dame."
What ! Do you doubt ?—All England I defy
To ſay Tom Trueman ever told a Lie.

Aſide. —So very nice--Think *I* would tell them Stories—
—All one to me——I'll canvaſs for the Tories.—

" Hold, hold—**This* for thy Wife—and §*This* for Thee."
A lying Rogne ! the Deuce a Wife had He.

3 O Glorious, Grand ſeptennial Jubilee !
When ALBION'S WHIGS, all happy, drunk, and free,
Their favourite Stateſmen thruſt into the Chair,
Hoiſt on their Shoulders, toſs into the Air,
Or draw the Car triumphantly along,
With loud Huzzas, amidſt the gaping Throng :

* Corruption. § Bribery.

1 *Profer, Galla Caput.* 2 *Noli vexare, quieſcit.*
3 *Ipſe Dies pulchro diſtinguitur Ordine Rerum,*
Sportula, deinde forum, juriſque peritus Apollo,
4 *Atque triumphales,*——————

No

Honours to long-prov'd Merit only due,
Too often laviſh'd on the up-ſtart Crew;
1 Some Indian Trader landed from Bengal,
2 Some tawny Creole worſhipp'd at Guild-Hall,
3 Whoſe ſacred Image Whiggiſh Curs revere,
Nor lift the Leg, nor ſquirt their Urine near;
But when full-charg'd, inſtinctive run to Court,
Or ſtop at *Charing-Croſs*, if taken ſhort.

Yet ſoon this Idol of the public Cry,
This fancied Friend of darling Liberty,
The Chair ſecure, and ſettled in his Seat,
Commences *Walpole*'s Senator complete,
And People's Voice, and native Rights forgot,
Sues for a Place, and ſells the Slaves he bought.

——inter quas auſus habere
Neſcio quis titulos 1 *Ægyptius, atque* 2 *Arabarches:*
3 *Cujus ad Effigiem non tantum mejere fas eſt.*

1 That

1 Thus ends your Joy, ye boiſterous Partiſans,
No Dinner now, for Clowns and Artiſans;
For lodg'd within a ſurly Porter ſits,
And no plebeian ill-comb'd Gueſt admits.
Hence, to your Farms, and Trades, and Shops repair,
2 Your *Pots* muſt *wallop* now with meaner Fare.

Releas'd from your rude Inſolence and Noiſe,
Your Patron now the World in Peace enjoys.
3 The choiceſt Viands Sea and Land afford
Abundant ſmoke upon his ſumptuous Board,
4 And whilſt he dines in ſolitary State,
5 A ſingle Courſe would purchaſe an Eſtate.

1 *Veſtibulis abeunt veteres, loſſique Clientes,*
Votaque deponunt, quanquam longiſſima, Cænæ,
Spes Homini; 2 Caulis miſeris, atque Ignis emendus;
3 Optima Silvarum interea, Pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, 4 vacuiſque toris tantum ipſe jacebit:
Nam de tot pulchris, et latis Orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, 5 unâ comedunt Patrimonia Menſâ.

1 No hungry Paraſite preſumes to come,
And deſperate Whigs with Curſes eye the Dome:
2 Who but a Hog of *Walpole*'s greedy Sty
Could wallow thus in ſelfiſh Luxury?
3 What Shame to dine on Turtle all alone!
A ſocial Diſh, and far too much for one.
When Nature form'd this vaſt amphibious Beaſt,
She meant to crown the ſocial City Feaſt,
Where purple Mayors and Aldermen attend,
And all, for choiceſt Morſels, loud contend.
But doom'd the Gourmand to the Stygian Lake,
Who ne'er ſhould aſk a Neighbour to partake.

Hence ſudden Qualms *Guloſo*'s Crime await,
Crude Indigeſtion, and inteſtate Fate;

1 Nullus jam Paraſitus erit: 2 Sed quis feret iſtas
Luxuriæ Sordes? 3 quanta eſt gula, quæ ſibi totos
Ponit Apros, Animal propter Convivia natum?
Pœna tamen præſens, cum tu deponis Amictus
Turgidus, & crudum Pavonem in Balnea portas.
Hinc ſubitæ Mortes, atque inteſtata Senectus.

And

1 And when Gazettes report old *Luco* dead,
2 No Whig laments his Fall, no Tear is ſhed.
3 His ſullen Friends but juſt allow a Grave,
A Shroud, a Coffin, and a Funeral Stave.
Then leave his Carcaſe in the Ground to rot,
By none regretted, and by all forgot.

4 —Our modern *Whigs* all wicked Arts have known,
And every Seed of curs'd Sedition ſown,
Petition—Grievance—and Redreſs of Wrong,
And Calves-Head Club, and Revolution-Song,
And traiterous Toaſt, and Laugh, and Tavern-Roar,
And *Paine*, and *Rights of Man*—Could Whigs do more?
The Powers of Faction can no farther go,
Whig-Baſtards now have Nothing left to do,
But ape their Fathers, and tranſmit their Crimes,
As *Ne-plus-Ultras*, to all future Times.

1 *It nova*, 2 *nec triſtis per cunctas fabula Cœnas:*
3 *Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus Amicis.*
4 *Nil erit ulterius, quod noſtris Moribus addat*
Poſteritas: 5 *Eadem cupient, facientque Minores.*

See how their Bards all tip-toe take their Stand
1 On Dover-Cliff, and hail the glorious Land,
Where Faction thrives, and lov'd Confuſion reigns,
And Queens are hiſs'd, and Monarchs bound in Chains;
Whilſt *Laura* flaming from licentious Stews,
Inſpires them, one by one, a common Muſe.

But hark! What awful Voice mine Ear invades?
Methinks 'tis JOHNSON thundering from the Shades.
" Now, Now's the Moment—2 ply thy ſturdy Oak—
" Break every Bone—fetch Blood at every Stroke—
Confound their Muſe—the rhyming Monſters quell,
And guard thy Country from the Magic Spell.

Thou know'ſt the waxen Temper of JOHN BULL,
Of Knaves and Rebels ſtill the eaſy Gull.
Weak, ſilly Man! to liſten to the Sound
Of States more bleſs'd by * *whirling round and round.*

* Revolutions.

1 *Omne in præcipiti Vitium ſtetit.* 2 *Utere velis:*
Totos pande Sinus.——————

His

His wiſer Dog, by certain Inſtinct led,
Turns only round to find an eaſy Bed.
This End obtain'd, he lies him down to reſt,
And teaches Man, A QUIET STATE'S THE BEST.

Deſpiſe thoſe hackney'd Themes of Vulgar Song,
Of Kings caſhier'd and cudgell'd, right or wrong.
Let Crokers ſwell the Rebel Bag-pipe Drone,
And bawl, The Land by Monarchs is undone.
Go counter Thou, a Bard of loyal Strain,
Let WHIGS and REVOLUTIONS fire thy Brain;
Subjects moſt worthy of thy fierceſt Rhymes,
1 But haſt thou Language equal to their Crimes?
Haſt thou the Skill to paint a *Cataline?*
Of flippant Tongue, of turbulent Deſign,
Or him whom here *Cethegus* I ſhall name,
That Under-plotter of inferior Fame?

——1 *Dicas hic forſitan, unde*
Ingenium par Materiæ?——

Or

Or can thy Genius find an equal Rod
To ſcourge that Preacher to the Land of Nod,
Who, firſt, with *Crackers* ſet a Town on Flame,
Then ran away, and gave our Church the Blame?
Or haſt thou Lungs to raiſe a Hue and Cry
From Shire to Shire, to hunt that ſecond *Guy*,
To rid thy Country of the fiery Peſt,
And waft him, Inſtant, to the fartheſt Weſt;
New States to found on Democratic Plan,
And Lectures give on Rebel Rights of Man?

COUNCELLOR CAVEAT.

But hold—nor give full Licence to thy Tongue,
Leſt angry Club-Men make thee rue thy Song:
1 Not now, as when *John Dryden* wore the Bays,
And comic *Butler* ſung his merry Lays.
Time was, when Loyalty was Praiſe, not Blame;
Whig-ridden now, 2 we dare not own the Name.

——————1 *Unde illa priorum*
Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet
Simplicitas, 2 *cujus non audeo dicere nomen?*

1 What

1 What boots it Thee that *Churchill* laſh'd the Court,
And *John* of *Bute*, unnotic'd and unhurt?
2 Touch thou a Whig, and all the Whigs in Town
Cry Tory! Tory!——Knock him, knock him down.
In vain the feeble Laws protect thy Strains,
If Bands of Ruffians may beat out thy Brains;
Or if ſome Villain from the Yankee War
May yet employ the Feathers and the Tar.
Who knows how ſoon the Revolution-Club
May ſmuggle o'er a fell *Gorgonian* Mob,
And We our Patriot *Dames Poiſſardes* may boaſt,
And Tories dangling at the Lanthorn-Poſt?

When Coaches line the Street, a motley Row,
And Whigs by Hundreds to the * Devil go,
Tho' Rebels, Spies, and Traitors drive along,
I charge thee, hold thy tattling Tory Tongue;

* I know the Crown and Anchor is their Houſe, but I love to ſend Whigs to the *Devil.*

1 *Quid refert, Dictis ignoſcat Mutius, an non?*
2 *Pone Tigillinum: Tedâ lucebis in illâ*
Quâ ſtantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et Latum media Sulcum deducit Arena.

1 When

1 When *vis-a-vis* thou ſpieſt a levelling Lord
With *Pills for Monarchs*, utter not a Word;
Whilſt He exalted *leers* on Crowds below,
Thou to his Lordſhip make thy humble Bow,
2 Leſt cunning Lurchers thy inveterate Foes
Cry Mark him! Mark him! —There the Fellow goes,
Who damns the Whigs, the *Jacobins*, and * *Rump*,
Haſte—ſeize him—dowſe him— hale him to the *Pump*.
Ill fares the loyal Bard who dares to ſing,
A Curſe on Rebels, and GOD SAVE THE KING!
Then check thy Muſe, nor point thy galling Rhymes
At living Characters, and preſent Times
3 Call *Brutus* Traitor, Ingrate, o'er and o'er,
Call *Cato* Pander, Call his Wife a Whore,
Aſſaſſins baſe, term all the Viper Breed
Who *Cæſar* ſtabb'd, and gloried in the Deed;

* The National Aſſembly.

1 *Qui dedit ergo tribus Patruis Aconita; vehatur*
Penſilibus Plumis, atque illinc deſpiciat nos
Cum veniet contra, Digito compeſce Labellum:
2 *Accuſator erit, qui Verbum dixerit, hic eſt.*
3 *Securus licet Æneam, Rutilumque ferocem*
Committas:——————

1 Of *quondam* Whigs ſecurely may'ſt thou ſing,
The Dead no angry Proſecutions bring,
But ſhift the Scene from diſtant Pagan Rome,
2 Apply the Lance and Cauſtic *nearer Home*,
Probe all the rotten Revolution-race
Who now with matchleſs Impudence of Face,
Approve—Applaud—that Inſtrument of Hell,
By whoſe accurſed Hand GUSTAVUS fell,
Who toaſt Rebellion for the PUBLIC GOOD!
And, if they durſt, would ſhed a G——'s Blood.
Spunge out all Debt and former Obligation,
And bleſs the Land with *French Regeneration*;
When Rhymes like theſe, and arm'd with Truth, aſſail
Each conſcious Villain 3 reddens at the Tale:

——1 *Nulli grævis eſt percuſſus Achilles,*
Aut multum quæſitus Hylas, Urnamque ſecutus.
2 *Enſe velut ſtrictо quoties Lucilius ardens*
Infremuit, 3 *rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens eſt*
Criminibus, tacitâ ſudant Præcordia Culpâ.

1 Hence Oaths and Curſes, Vengeance, Wrath and Woe,
And every Rogue becomes thy deſperate Foe.

2 Then ponder well before the Trumpet's blown,
3 There's no recanting when the Gauntlet's down.
Reviewing Whigs will thus inſult thy Strain,
Soho! John Dryden come to Life again!
Each furious Bard will on his Brother call,
Riſe——let's be doing——ſmite him——one and all.
Sing *Ca ira*, ſing *Liberty alone*;
With *Sheffield* Razor cut him to the Bone.
And whilſt *Mad Gordon*'s Clan, no Popery! cry,
And waft thy Song in Embers to the Sky,
What Friend haſt Thou at Court to own thy Name,
And guard thy Garret from the threaten'd Flame?

1 *Inde Iræ et Lachrymæ*——2 *Tecum prius ergo voluta*
Hæc Animo ante Tubas: 3 *Galeatum ſero duelli*
Pœnitet.——————————

Enough:

POET.

Enough :—My cautious Counſellor and Friend,
Thy prudent Admonitions I attend.
The Hornet's Neſt 'twere Madneſs to provoke;
On Rogues defunct I'll ſtrike a backward Stroke.
I'll vent my Rage on that deteſted Brood
Who drank a murder'd *Charles*'s vital Blood,
That cozening, canting, cut-throat, curſed Crew
Who Church and State, and Courts and Laws o'erthrew,
Once bloody Whigs, but now their Heads lie low,
——All dead or Hang'd a hundred Years ago.——

——————*Experiar quid concedatur in illos,*
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur Cinis, atque Latinâ.

Jamque Opus hoc exegi——
——Amicus Ego Regi,
Amicus æqué Gregi.

Aſt Whiggi clamitabunt,
Nec mihi Potum dabunt,
Nec Famem mitigabunt;

Sed uſitato more,
Prodibunt ſemper Ore,
Papiſta! atque Tory!

Non ARGUS dabit Stabulum.
Sed peſſimum Vocabulum,
Heu! mittar ad Diabolum.

Non Thurlow mihi favet,
Ad Whiggi Nomen pavet,
Et uſque ſibi cavet.

Dundas non dabit Aurum,
Non Indicum Theſaurum;
Non Pittus dabit Laurum;

Clamore

Clamore ne audito,
" Pitt favet Jacobito "
Rex dicat, Pitt, abito.

Nam Georgius pavitabit,
Et Servum commutabit,
Et Foxio locum dabit.

Hei mihi! nulla Penſio,
Sed Dica, nec Defenſio,
Tum Laqueus et Suſpenſio.

Nil minus, Whiggi frement,
At undiquaque prement,
Et Chartas meas ement,

Et legent, et relegent,
Dum Whiggi Vitam degent,
Et Reges Orbem regent.

Non ſacro carent Vate,
Non Immortalitate,
Sed nihil Whiggi grate.